THE IOY OF TEARS

Or

CORDIALS OF COMFORT, SPRINGING VP IN the region of sorrow.

Psal. 126. 5.

They that sow in teares shall reap in joy.

Matth. 5.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

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To the Christian Reader.

FRom this one simple Herb of true remorse
Behold what precious liquor doth proceed:
The vertue whereof is of such a force,
That joy in midst of sorrow it doth breed.
On mourning morsels it is good to feed,
And most convenient for a sinners state:
Make much (my Christian friend) of this blest seed.
The way to Sion is a thornie gate.
Bee not detaind therefra, though Flesh should hate,
And taxe thee for a greeting Puritan:
Thy Lord with groanes and tears had great debate,
And patiently endurd the mocks of man.
In this clear fountain dayly bathe thy heart,
And with good Marie choose that better part,

Since blameless Truth *dar scarce appear,*
No marvell I my name forbear.

THE JOY OF TEARS.

BOth night and day my bones are pierc'd with grief,
Oh if my wounds be deep! who can them cure
No sweetnes now, no joy, peace nor relief,
Ease is away, mirth I may not endure.
My paines encrease, sins guilt doth them procure,
Fears mee beset, belike GOD is my foe:
Faith, hope and love are hid with clouds impure,
Expect I can nothing but wrath and woe.
Entrusting much my heart I truth forgoe,
Menstrous I am, no creature more vile,
More foule, more filthie: yea though earth no moe
In it containd, yet I would all defile.
Great cause I have each moment to deplore
My want of that which should my soul decore.

Iudgements I justly merite and deserve,
Oft do I faile, oft hear I *Peters* cock:
From GODS commands most frequently I swerve,
I love to dwell within a rotten stock.
Trifling allurements hold mee from Christs flock,
False foolish pleasures do beguile my sight:
Lost is my strength, through bearing of sins yoke,
Hourely I erre, in taking wrong for right.
Excuse my self I will not: for my might,
My thoghts, my words, my wayes, my works, my pain,
My wit, my will are great unfriends to light
I can not see what profite mee constrains.
In mee no worth which *Wisdome* can commend,
Good LORD I pray thee help, reform, amend

I know thy mercies far all ſins exceed,
Thriſe bleſt are they in whom the ſame abide:
Except againſt the holy Ghoſt no ſeed
Of ſin outbreaketh which they can not hide.
To thee I cry, from whom I oft backſlide,
Father, forgive my faults both great and ſmall:
Let out thy ſtreames, come in with thy ſpring-tide,
With joy of heart receave a *prodigall*.
Eſtabliſh mee, leaſt I again ſhould fall:
Make ſure my ſteps, confirme mee by thy grace:
Remove the curtains, and partition wall
Of guiltineſſe, thine image which deface,
Gainſt thee alone I have made great aſſaults:
Give place to Mercy, pardon all my faults.

CHRISTS ANSWERE.

REjoice thy ſelf in mee, ſweet Ieſus ſaith,
Winters of mourning make much for thy good:
Early and late for thee my Spirit prayeth.
Eternall life receave through my rich blood.
When God was angrie in the gape I ſtood,
I ſuffered all his juſtice could require:
Enter in reſt, I ſtopped have hels flood,
Seald is thy peace, poſſeſſe thy ſoules deſire.
In the meane time weep, Weep, and do not tire:
The ſeedes of teares bring foorth great cropes of joy:
Thy mourning dayes will ſuddenly expire,
I ſee what way thy ſobs thou doſt employ,
Thy ſighs, thy groanes, thy vext and troubled minde,
For grieving mee conſtraine mee to bee kinde.

In heart I feel more joy than tongue can tell,
Oh if I could my Saviour magnifie!
No longer (by his grace) will I rebell,
Inlargd hee hath his bountie towards mee.
Come, come, draw neer ye Saints, come, taste and see
Flaggons of comfort, which will make you glad.
Lo, how the pledges of GODS amitie
Erect my sprit; which formerly was sad.
Earths whole delights if at my will I had,
Mispriſe I would, for draughts of ſuch ſweet wine:
More other things to ſeek is to bee mad,
In greateſt ſtraits this is the beſt propine.
My ſoul, praiſe thou the Lord with thy whole might
Who hath receav'd thee kindly in his ſight.

I have a pleaſant birth, yet I muſt cry
O *Ichabod*! O captive *Ark* once free! * 1 Sam.
Now *Philiſtims* with peace poſſeſſe; all my 4. 22.
Excellencie is gone, I wiſh to die.
Life, pleaſure, joy withdraw your ſelves from mee,
Fraughted I am, and overchargd with grief:
Light of mine eyes is faild, I can not ſee:
Elies laſt end, nought elſe can bring relief.
Entred in *Bethell* have men of miſchief,
Making GODS lawes to bee of no reſpect:
Though once they ſeemd well ſetled in belief,
Yet now their craft and falſhood they detect.
With filthie ſmoak the houſe of pray'r they fill,
And there intend to change all things at will.

Ieruſalem

Ierusalem is of her freedome spoild,
Ordeis of mens devising there bee plac'd:
True CHRIST is bound, thief *Barrabas* assoild,
Esaw much praised, *Iacob* much disgraced.
The heritage of GOD is all defaced,
Formalities to substance are preferd:
Lawes are impost grievous to bee embraced,
Earths fatnesse upon *Judas* is conferd.
Eye weep, heart groan, *black birds* my mirth have mard
Moon hath no light, the *Sun* his beames withdraweth:
The mouth of godly *Zephanie* is bard,
Because the truth in honestie hee showeth.
Fountains of life which make Gods citie glad
Are fild with earth, clear springs can not bee had.

Staff of religion greatly doth decay,
The door of holy discipline is closd:
Romes-vocatrice the lambs of God betray,
To subtile dangers they bee much expos'd.
Good people who are zealously dispos'd,
The benefite of peace can not enjoy:
No persons are so mightily oppos'd,
As they who *Babels* building would destroy.
The powers of darknes their whole strength employ,
In their defence who the *Popes* liveray wear:
But neither night nor day cease to annoy
The sheep of Christ in whom grace doth appear.
The hopes of bragging Papists are encreast,
Now when they see Gods servants so oppreast.

Edom

Edoms curs'd children wickedly insult,
Wounds of the beast again by them are cur'd:
With death and hell they craftily consult,
And make the Gospels lamp to bee obscurd.
High courts of justice are bee them procurd,
Where wickednesse is stablisht by decree:
And where heavens heirs are wrongously injurd,
And *Amos* words are judged heresie.
In *Babylon* upon the willow tree
My harp is hangd, for *Sion* I must weep:
Yet they in scorn require some mirth from mee,
And Hebrew songs, my sorrowes are most deep.
Let my tongue bee within my mouth ty'd fast
If I rejoice while *Sions* griefs be past.

Gods captive *Ark* I long to see restord:
Old dayes of mercy doubtlesse then would co'
No land like *Scotland* was so well decord,
Each hungrie soul did there receive a crum.
Tabrets of *power* now *dead pypes* are become,
Flammes of strange fire provoke Gods jealousie:
Locusts of *hell* prevaile much over some,
Edens fair orchard wants fertilitie.
Exilements, fines, confines commissions bee
Made 'gainst all these who would their hearts keepe
Time-servers get honour and dignitie, (pure
Idolaters full libertie procure.
None of an upright judgement dar appear,
The hands are weakned which Christs image bear.

I much lament to see GODS Saints so feard,
That few, alace, sound *Tenets* dar professe:
I much lament, to see men who compeard
Once in defence of light, the light suppresse.
I much lament to see such sleepinesse,
When *Christs* best friends are thrald in burgh & town.
I much lament to see who do possesse
The chair of truth, which should hold errours down.
I much lament to see a popish crown
Upon the head of Christs once glorious bride.
I much lament to see men get renown,
Who dayly both from faith and truth do slide.
Oh if I had in secret mine alone
A cottage, where I might these ills bemone.

Ioine, joine with mee, ye Saints, in pray'rs and tears,
O *Lord* hear, help, consider *Iosephs* cace:
The splendor of Kirk beautie disappeares,
Enthrond are they who Romish rites embrace.
Through fire and water woolfs thy lambs do chase:
False brethren vexe thy flock who truth retain:
Look to thy spouse which they seek to deface,
Her cause defend, let thy foes wo sustain.
Ensnare them all who make thy sheep complain,
And fight against thine ancient liberties:
Much they conspire, much untruth they maintain,
In thy chaire they spew foorth their damned lies.
Thy *veritie* in corners is confind,
The wrong thou gets scarce can it be defind.

Where

Where once thou had a throne *Prince Mammon* sits,
Destroying that which built was by thy Sprit:
And building that which many pregnant wits
Doth captivat, and grieve each *Isralite*,
Good *Ieremie* who was thy favourite
Perceaving how thy glory was empard,
A wilderneſſe he thought moſt requiſite,
Nothing but tears and groanes he did regard,
What chriſtian man with him can bee compard?
Heart-breaking grief like his can not bee found:
Carefull was hee to have thy houſe repard,
Which now, alace, is brought down to the ground.
His lamentations, zeal, and fervencie
Thou haſt reſerv'd to the poſteritie.

And for what elſe but that thy children dear
May thereby learn to mourn for *Sions* wrack,
And to deplore the boaſtings which they hear
Of *Baſhans bulls*, who truth would captive take.
Earth-Mammoniſts count not what ſhifts they make,
Providing they may come to their intent:
Sound reaſoning they purpoſly hold back,
And in Chriſts miſtick body make a rent.
Thou muſt ariſe, thy terrour muſt bee ſent,
To ſtop the madnes of their wicked rage,
And to compell their furie to relent,
Which ſo burſts foorth in this malicious age,
Thy temple clenge, thine heritage reform,
Make all things to thy patern be conform.

For *Sions* ſake I can not bee at reſt,
To her relief while thou incline thine ear:
Har thou her not, now when ſhee is diſtreſt,
Then cloſe mine eyes, my life I count not dear.
Thy foes inſult, O how thou doſt forbear?
And ſuffer them on earth to bee extold?
In thy behalf no ſubject dar appear,
To vindicat thy truth ſo much controld,
Look how thy Servants names are all enrold
In regiſters, as men deſerving ſhame:
Only becauſe thy crown they do uphold,
And will not thy ſworn covenant diſclame.
Bee Agent for thy Spouſe, ſupplie her wants,
And hear the groanings of thy weeping Saints.

The Lords exhortatorie and expoſtulatorie reply.

GRievd Saincts I much affect, ſaith Iſra'ls GOD
Who ſigh and ſob for Sions *wofull ſtate:*
I have her bumbled under mans ſharp rod,
That ſhe may learn to keep my well path'd gate.
A poſtaſie *extreamely I do hate,*
Vngrateiy hath ſhee gone from her firſt love:
Carnall reſpects have cauſed her of late
Forſake her crown, and the Beaſts *mark approve.*
Oh if ſhe would from Babell *yet remove.*
Oh if ſhe would turn home again to mee,
Then would I make my preſence from above
Her corners all with light to beautifie.
I, as I live, delight not in her death,
I rather would ſhe might evite my Wrath.

My Covenant I charge her to renew,
Or else a cup of trembling she shall drink:
Wil-worship I command her to eshew,
At such a sin my justice can not wink.
Her whoorishnesse gives mee cause to forethink,
That ever I her Wedded to my wife:
What reason hath she from my truth to shrink?
Am I not able to preserve her life?
Should fear or danger of a Wodden knife
Debar her from obedience to my will?
Should she provock my clemencie to strife,
And move me with mine anger her to kill?
O how my lovelie nature she doth crosse!
I would her save, she will her own self losse.

Sauls sinfull fact who kild the Gibeonits
I wish she would remark attentively:
More easie shall it be to Gomorrhits
Then to these who their faith do falsifie.
I will not faile to punish perjurie,
In whomsoever I the same perceive:
She needs not think to plead immunitie,
Her slyding back no coverture can have.
I gave her life, I brought her from the greve,
I her enrich'd, I made her glory shine:
I ransond her when she was Satans slave,
I fild her flaggons with my choisest wine.
No fabrick had in any former age
Such hewen out pillars as mine heritage.

Her name was famous the whole earth throughout,
Her pretious stones shin'd clearer than bright gold:
My pleasure was to walk her Towers about,
Her carved Work was heavenly to behold.
Armies with banners terrible and bold
Amazed were, and fled before her face:
Her wals were thick, her bulWarks manifold,
Shee without stroke of sword her foes did chase.
Now dogs and swine possesse mine holy place,
Iudah doth walk contrare to my desire,
No conscience makes shee errours to embrace,
Nor to prophane mine Altar with strange fire.
Land-monsters she hath chosen her to lead,
Who seek advancement above mee her head.

My Statuts, orders, comely government
Shee hath rejected to her open shame:
With my prescriptions shee is not content,
Her Wayes, her words, her works the same proclame.
Bethaven hath become my Bethels name,
Her filthinesse in her shirts doth appear.
Her solemn feasts and sabboths I disclame,
Her sighs, her sobs, her groanes I will not hear.
Her dust, her drosse polute my fountains clear,
With might and main Romes rites shee doth defend.
How can I any longer her forbear?
My Sprite shee forceth with her to contend.
I look shee should acknowledge her offences,
But lo how she my love doth recompence.

Who

Who would have thought ſhe would have mee renounc'd,
And taken uncouth lovers by the hand?
Who would have thought her mouth would have pronounc'd
Such damned errours, as my truth gainſtand?
Should ſhee repugne to my moſt juſt command?
Can I permit my glore to bee transferd
To other gods? Surely it can not ſtand
With that which my revealed will hath aver'd.
Long have I ſpar'd, long have I Wrath deferd,
Long have I her invited to repent:
Long hath my goodneſſe on her been conferd,
Long hath ſhe made my ſpirit to lament.
Loſt is my labour, waſted is mine oile,
I reap no profite of my long ſome toile.

Where is her light? her crown? her ornaments?
Her chain of love? her peace? her puritie?
Her fruitfull gardens? her fair continents?
Her rights? her ſeales of Life and Libertie?
All ſhee hath ſold unto her enemie,
Her vomite ſhe hath licked up again:
Great is her craft, great is her treacherie,
Her purpoſes and projects are moſt vain.
In her no honeſt dealing doth remain,
My perfite pattern ſhee hath overthrown:
Doubtleſſe on her my judgements I would rain,
If ſecret Wailers were from her withdrawn.
Lot muſt be brought to Zoar ere I can
Shoure down my furie upon ſinfull man.

Ye Mourners therefore leave not off to weep,
Your faithfull prayers and teares my hands do bind:
For Sions sake because your wounds are deep,
A good and gratious successe you shall finde.
Your melting hearts make my wrath flee behind,
Your peace is made, let Dragons fret and fume:
My light your joy, shall make their eyes stone-blind,
Though now they think my Cedars to consume.
To your comfort my promises resume,
In your distresse I will not you forsake:
Through my strong arme you boldly may presume,
To make the stoutest brambles all to quake.
I am your rock, gainst mee who can prevaile?
Earth shall decay, your strength shall never faile.

ALL endlesse praise be to my blessed LORD,
O Soul rejoice, thy groanes he doth approve:
From time to time his benefits record,
Extoll his Name, him praise for his free love.
Be zealous, stedfast, constant, do not move,
Faiths-fruit is worth all pains thou canst sustain:
Look to that glore hid up to their behove,
Who valiantly his born down truth maintain.
Elishaes words gainst all attempts retain, 2 *King.*
Mo be for *Christ* than mortall eye can see: 6.16
In suffering for his cause none needs complain,
The crosse way leadeth to felicitie.
When dayes of Christian conflicts are expird,
More joy will come than ever heart desird.

I know my plainneſſe will be much revil'd,
Obloquious raylings I muſt ſtrive to bear:
None ſo maligned as Gods deareſt child,
Edicts ſoul-vexing dayly he may hear.
Black to call black what Chriſtian ſhould forbear:
Frettings of men like winde will paſſe away:
Luckwarmneſſe all ſhould ſhun who God would fear
Eſthers example Saints encourage may.
Earneſt was ſhee to faſt both night and day:
Hamans great malice deeply pierced her heart:
Moſt wiſely ſhee her credite did aſſay:
In the kings preſence ſhee took the Iewes part:
No contrare law could her ſtop, nor withhold,
From pleading ſtoutly with a courage bold.

This *femal-pleader* lets mee underſtand,
That GOD by weakeſt meanes gets greateſt glore:
And when the ſtronger ſhips ſink in deep ſand,
The weaker veſſell oft comes ſafe to ſhore.
The naked truth is ay advanced the more,
When there is leaſt appearance of ſupport:
Though *Potentats* intend to croſſe her ſore,
Yet ſhall ſhee flouriſh in a fruitfull ſort.
The darts of wicked men ſhee can retort
Vpon themſelves wherewith they think to ſhed
The blood of theſe who Chriſtianly dehort,
From idol-feaſts wherewith ſouls are miſled.
Her life, her crown, her jewels none ſhall get,
Who for a part of earth would heaven wodſet.

Let *Demas* and *Diotrephes* take heed,
Who heavenly ſubſtance for earths traſh would ſell;
The *Truth* alone can help in time of need,
No other birthright can redeeme from hell.
The way to life all other pathes excell,
True godlineſſe in it hath twofold gain,
Of grace and glore, more than mans tongue can tell
Hence comes that gold which ever ſhall remain.
Proud *Iſmalites* this treaſure which diſdain
Shall never dwell upon *Mount Sion* hill:
Nor ſhall enjoy the comfort of that rain,
Nor of thoſe drops which mercy doth diſtill.
None, none but they who love, maintain, defend
The *Truth* oppreſt ſhall get a bleſſed end.

The Authors epilogue.

I am but ſinfull duſt,
From God is my record,
To mee belongeth ſhame,
All glorie to the Lord.

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